



T H E

Double Captive,



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*Pity, or Innocence, or Death's Decree,
From Chains of State may Set y^e Pris'ner free
The Chains of Beauty more relentles Prove,
There's no Enlargement from y^e Chains of Love.*

T H E
Double Captive,
O R
Chains upon Chains:

Containing the
Amorous Poems and Letters of
A Young Gentleman, one of the *Preston* Prisoners in *Newgate*. Occasioned
by his falling in Love with a *Scotch*
Lady, who came to visit his Friend.

To which is added
The Execution Dream,
Or the
Unlucky Disappointment.
With a Preface to the LADIES.
And an Introductory NOVEL.

Dum me Galatea tenebat
Nec spes libertatis erat, Virg.

L O N D O N,

Printed by J. Churchil, and Sold only at the
Bluecoat Coffee-House in Swithins-Ally, near
the *Royal Exchange*, for the Benefit of the
Author. MDCCXVIII.

®

To the Most Noble
THE
Duc de Richelieu
OF
Chairs upon Chairs

Amour, Power and Liberty of
A Year of Love and War
And the History of a French
Lady who came to the French

The
46
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Unlucky Disappointment
With a Preface to the Ladies
And an Introductory Novel



Printed by J. & W. G. Smith
at the Royal Exchange
London



THE
PREFACE

THE
Author's Address
TO THE
LADIES
OF
GREAT BRITAIN.

LADIES,



Humbly Beg you
will Pardon the
Presumption of this
ADDRESS to
Your *Beautiful* SEX,
Notwithstanding it receiv'd its
A Birth

The Preface to

Birth in a Place that is detestable.

A N D since it hath been my *Misfortune* to acquire an Addition to my *CHAINS*, which were before too heavy, from the *EYES* of one of Your Species, the Most Lovely *PART* of the Creation; I do my self the *Pleasure* to Believe, (if it be a *Pleasure* I am capable to Enjoy in my deplorable Circumstances);

T H A T altho' you cannot help or alleviate my *Unhappy* and *Unparallel'd* Condition, yet You will think me an Object
merito-

the LADIES.

meritorious of Your tender
Commiseration: For I presume
to think, there is not one of
Your Fair SEX that ever felt
the Uneasie and Tormenting
Agonies of an *Amorous Produ-*
ction, admitting it was attend-
ed with a Reciprocal *Passion*;
but You must Acknowledge,
that Nature hath Sower'd the
inexpressible *Sweetness* of LOVE,
with that *peevish* and *racking*
Interloper *J E A L O U S Y*;
with other innumerable *Disqui-*
etudes which counter-balance
that F E L I C I T Y.

A N D if the Natural Con-
comitants of that *Passion* are
Incumbred with so much Un-
easiness,

The Preface to

easiness, and Occasion such torturing *Agitations* in Your Minds, pray what Effects do You think it may have on a Person of my Shipwreckt Circumstances. One fallen from the Happy Possessions of Life, to the most *Ignominious Dwelling* in this World, a dark and loathsome Prison, where I have continued so long that, all former Enjoyments seem to me but a *D R E A M*, or the *Ideas* of a deluded Fancy.

A N D as if my Confinement was not sufficient to compleat my *Wretchedness*, I am again Captivated, at first Sight, with a L A D Y I never saw but once, and perhaps
ne'er

the LADIES.

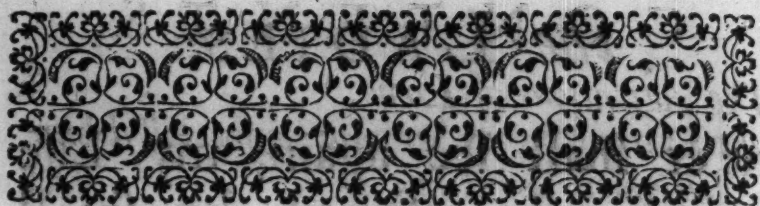
ne'er shall see again, my Life
being only respited by small
Adjournments. There's nothing
can support me under this un-
happy Condition, but a just
Sense of *Pity* and *Compassion*,
which my Sufferings may raise
in Your Tender BREASTS.
This will be a Full Compensati-
on for the Trouble I have given
You in Perusing these melanco-
ly Performances of,

LADIES,

Your most Obedient,

And most Devoted

Humble Servant.



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E R R A T A.

PAG. 6. Line 5. read, *a Man in.* P. 13. l. 7. for *Should*, read *'Twould.* P. 15. l. 10. for *stay*, read *stray.* P. 19. l. 3. for *For*, read *Of.* P. 71. l. 1. for *Scandalous*, read *Scarlet-Scandal.*

T H E



THE
Double Captive
A
NOVEL.



AFTER a Twelvemonths
Confinement in a loathsome
Prison; having unfortunatel-
ly and unwillingly exchan-
ged a Noble, Ancient and
Stately Fabrick, the Mansion-Seat of my
Ancestors, with a spacious and delight-
ful Park, well stock'd with Timber, and
surrounded with many hundred Acres of
Plough'd

Plough'd and Meadow Ground, whose Bowels, by the labouring Hands of my Tenants, afforded me a plentiful Income; with numerous other Delicacies that usually attend a Man of Fortune.

I say, having thus unhappily, in the prime of my Youth, Metamorphos'd a large House into a small (neither light nor dark) Room, Sasht with Iron-bars; and instead of walking in my Park or Fields for the benefit of the salubrious Air, I am glad to take a turn in the Press-yard; not much bigger than a Dining-room, and crowded sometimes with almost a Hundred Prisoners; where the Breath I draw (if any) is so impregnated with the volatile Spirits of Humane Urine, the fumes of Tobacco together with other Nauseousness, that a Boatswains Cabbin between Decks, stow'd full of smoaking Saylor, affords more Air, provided his small Scupper, or Window, be open. But these Descriptions, and the recital of the many Inconveniences that constantly attend me, are too harsh and untuneable to the Organs of your enlarg'd Senses: Therefore I shall proceed, according to the Title Page, to give you an Account

count, how I came to wear double Chains; the last, altho' invisible, being much weightier, and much more troublesome to me. One Afternoon, as my Friend (who hath part of my Room) was at Picquet with me, there came a genteel Lady and her Daughter, to make him a Visit, and also to take leave of him; intending for *Scotland* the next Day. Upon their Entry, I threw up the Cards, and paying my Complements, offer'd to with-draw; but the Mother Lady, with a pleasant and agreeable Look, held me by the Coat Sleeve, saying, she would by no means separate Friends; however I again intimated, that they might have Business, and made another Effort to with-draw; but finding the Lady continue her hold and Resolution, we all took Seats; and while the Lady Mother, with a great deal of good Humour, was Entertaining us with a pleasant Adventure, I had a very good Opportunity of viewing the young Lady, who was attentive to her Mother's Discourse; when, methought I saw something in her Face extremely Taking and Agreeable.

At

At the same Time, she happen'd to turn her Eyes upon me; but observing mine before intent on her, she modestly with-drew them; and with that small Glance only, I felt something Inexpressible within me. After the Lady had finish'd her Discourse, my Friend enter'd into Chat with the young Lady, who answer'd him with a modest soft Voice, which was pretty much upon the *Scotish* Dialect, and was so exceedingly Delightful to me, that I several times took the freedom to Address myself to her, purely for the pleasure of hearing her acceptable (and as it afterwards prov'd to me) enchanting Replies. I could not forbear Observing, that her accent of Speech (which afforded me so much Pleasure in hearing it, and afterwards so much Disquietude in thinking of it) gave the Lady a great deal of Uneasiness, and made her very frugal in her Answers; only because she could not speak *English*, as I did.

After the Ladies had taken their Leave, my Friend went down into the Press-yard, and I feeling an unusual Fluttering and Disorder within me, laid my

my self on the Bed, and immediately the Idea of the young Lady, was so strongly imprinted in my Thoughts, that my Head was crowded with a Thousand imaginary Addresses to her, and her Answers to me. This uneasiness continued all Night upon me, in-somuch that I could not lye three Minutes together without turning and tossing from side to side. My Bedfellow was very Inquisitive after my Health, saying, he hop'd I was not breeding the Prison Distemper, of which some of our unhappy Friends lately Died.

My uneasiness encreas'd every Day. Picquet that formerly took up a great part of my time, was now become Troublesome, and when, out of Complaisance, or rather repeated Importunities, I play'd to Oblige my Friend, I did it so heedlessly, and with so much Negligence, that he took Notice of it.——

I believe these Perturbations disquieted me above a Week, before I began to guess at my Distemper. I found I did not Eat with that gust, nor take a Glass in the Evening with that Satisfaction, I formerly did, and often went
several

several Days together in my Gown, for the Conveniency of having recourse to the Bed, where I spent the major part of my Time, in unaccountable wandring Thoughts. When I put on my Cloaths, instead of growing bigger, as I might reasonably Imagine, by giving so much freedom to my Body, to my Surprise, I found I was considerably wasted.

Being in Health, and yet finding these uncusomary Alterations, I began to argue seriously with my self, what could be the Occasion of such a Change. And something whisper'd to me it was, that prevailing Passion so much talk'd of, and thro' a mistaken Notion so often call'd, *Foolish Love*. I again made a strict Scrutiny into the Symptoms, and found I had too much reason, not to question the Disease; upon which I maturely debated with my self, how Inconvenient it would be, for me to encourage a Passion of that Nature. — And casting a sorrowful Eye upon my present Circumstances, I Expostulated thus with my self, — “ Unhappy and miserable Man! Imprisonment, with double
“ double Chains, and Fetters, are your
“ Portion;

“ Portion; shake off these Thoughts
 “ of Impossibilities: Consider, that you are
 “ not only a Prisoner, but your Estate,
 “ and all the comforts of human Life,
 “ with which you amply abounded, are
 “ yours no more.—— Consider, the
 “ unpleasant Span of Life, that you at
 “ present possess, and can’t enjoy, is
 “ upon Courtesy, and you know not
 “ how soon it may be demanded, be-
 “ ing already Condemn’d, and Dead
 “ by Law.”

These Thoughts shockt me; I never
 before reflected on the loss of the Afflu-
 ences of Fortune I was Born to; and
 had for many Years possess, nor (till
 then) ever repin’d at the low and con-
 fin’d Condition I am in. Yet all these
 weighty and tremendous Reflections
 could not drive away that amiable
 Creature from my Mind, but rather en-
 creas’d my Agonies, and still, in several
 Shapes, the beauteous *She* tormented
 and harras’d me; as you may easily
 Observe by the following Poems, which
 are free from all Art, or Poetical Rap-
 tures, and Fictions, but are purely the
 various and unaccountable Flights of
 my shatter’d Fancy: ——— And I verily
 think

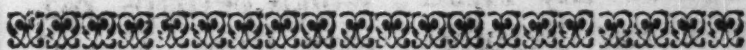
think, I had never known what Rhim-
 ming was, had not that lovely Object
 enchanted me to it. I shall not Apo-
 logize for any of the following Peices of
 Extravagancy; for you may plainly see,
 they are only the Genuine, and artless
 Ramblings, of a poor, unhappy, misera-
 ble, and double Chain'd Man. I only
 desire you to Observe, that there is no
 Subject I Treat of, which reflects up-
 on that Lady in Particular, whom I
 never saw but once; or that it is occa-
 sion'd upon any other Account, than
 the jealous Notions of an amorous
 Mind, and the variety of Whims they
 put into my Head; which perhaps ma-
 ny of my Perusers, may have Experi-
 enc'd very much to their Disquiet, tho'
 not to so great a degree, as

Yours, &c.

MISCEL-



Miscellany
P O E M S.



*Accusing his Eyes for being the
Occasion of his falling in Love.*



W H A T is't my fatal Eyes
(y've done!
What Pains y've brought
(on me?
Again in Chains! 'Tis you
(alone,

Have lost my Liberty.

B

Why

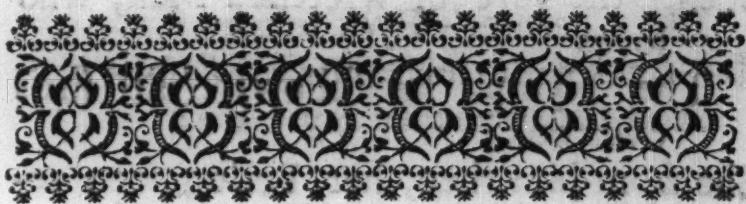
Why were ye not content, to let
 My Charmer's Eyes insnare :
 But catch your selves in Cupid's Net ;
 And thus enhance my Care ?

Was't not enough, to let her Eyes
 Incaptivate my Heart ?
 But you increase my Miseries,
 By playing of Her Part.

Since equally unfortunate,
 It is to wretched Man :
 Woman alone don't change Man's Fate ;
 But Men themselves trepan.



Pursuing



Pursuing a Scornful Mistress.

AS tim'rous Fawns ramble from
 Brakes to Brakes,
 With mournful Noise, their
 wisht for Dams to find;
 So I, with throbbing Breast, and Heart
 that akes,
 Seek the Fair Thief, who stole away
 my Mind.

Only this Diff'rence is 'twixt them and
 me;
 What's lost, recover'd is by them again :
 While they enjoy their chief Felicity,
 I'm scorn'd, and slighted for my former
 Pain.

Such is the Fate of wretched Man, who
loves

The Nymph he follows, 'till she's
overtook;

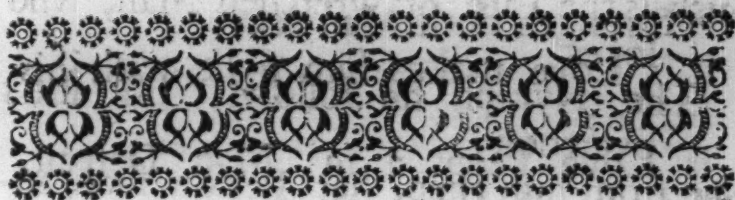
She from him then, her Person soon re-
moves;

And off she flies again, with scornful
Look.

But if you court with mean Indifference;
And not your foolish Passion let her
know;

Set a high Value on your self and Sense:
Then Madam modestly shall follow
you.





The capricious Effects of Love.



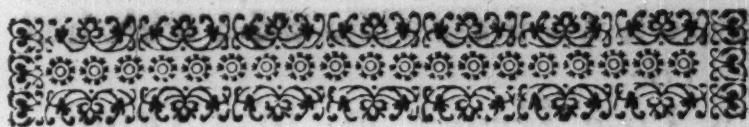
Ind Love was the Cause of
 Man's being curst;
 'Twas Love made the Wo-
 man first do it;
 She, prompted by Love, eat the Apple
 at first;
 And *Adam* by Love did pursue it.

It is Love that Mankind doth with Fe-
 vers inflame;
 It is Love that cures its own Pain:
 It is Love makes Man sick; and its
 strange that the same
 Should restore him to Vigour again.

It is Love, Mighty Love, which with
 Strength doth Man arm;
 It is Love makes him fight with his
 Foe:
 It is Love keeps a in Man Despair,
 from all Harm;
 And it's Love makes him hang him-
 self too,

Since Love is so strange, such a whimsi-
 cal Thing,
 Like the Satyr, that blew hot and
 cold.
 Let me be a free Slave; and no Loving
 King,
 With Mountains of Jewels and Gold.





Upon his Lady's slighting him.

THanks, Proudest Girl, whose
scornful Coyness gave
Freedom to him, who long has
been your Slave.

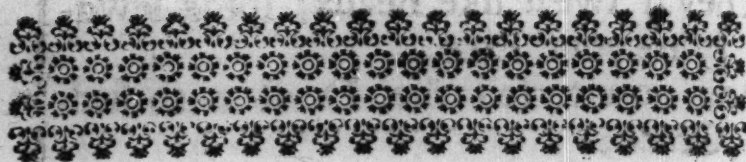
For as, like Patient couch'd by famous
Read,

Restor'd to Sight, and just from Blind-
ness freed;

So I, by your Indiff'rency, am cur'd
Of all those tort'ring Pains, that I endur'd.

Those glitt'ring Charms of yours,
that shin'd as bright

As the refulgent Beams of *Titan's* Light,
Are all eclips'd, with me, in an E-
ternal Night.



The Agitations of LOVE.



AD Slavery of Man! When
 Charms possess
 His Heart, and rob him of
 his Happiness.
 Not this Terrestrial World
 can make amends
 For Damages reciev'd from those curst
 Fiends
 Of Hell; that lightly play with Oaths,
 and Vows,
 As Mimicks do with Puppits in their
 Shows.
 Mind the curst Cast, the Rowling of
 their Eyes,
 Under whose Ambush is their false
 Disguise:
 While they look pleasant, nothing's
 spoke but Lyes.
 They'll

They'll swear like Beaux; speak lewd-
 ly to your Face;
 And counterfeit the Devil with such
 Grace;
 He need not fear Successors to his Place.

What ails me? sure my Mind is over-
 cast,
 Endeavouring, with indecent Flights, to
 blast
 The Names of *All*, because *One* false
 I found;
 I know no more in all this spacious
 Round.
 But since it was my Fate, to light of *One*,
 Who, by her Falshood, hath my Heart
 undone;
 I hope, Kind Ladies, you will pardon all
 The sordid Language, that my Tongue
 let fall.
 With Passion fir'd, I knew not what I
 spoke,
 And, had I Silence kept, my Heart had
 broke:
 But, by these frantick Rants, my self
 have pleas'd;
 And now of all those Agonies am eas'd.

A N



A N
EPITAPTH
 O N

*My Servant, who kill'd him-
 self with Drinking.*



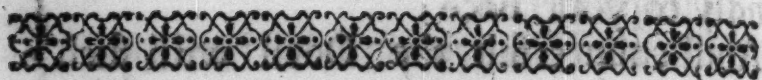
Within this Place,
 With Ruby Face,
 Do's lye poor *Jacob Hall*;
 Who when alive,
 Would none deceive,
 In hopes to make them fall.
 The Man, 'tis true,
 He never knew,
 What 'twas to want good Wine;
 He Money had,
 And yet no Trade,
 Nor to one did incline.

He's

[II]

He's Dead, 'tis said,
 And Corps is laid,
 In the Church-yard, or hard by;
 'Twas drinking Wine,
 From *Mitre's Vine*,
 That made poor *Jacob* dye.
 Tho' others think,
 'Twas *Preston Drink*,
 If they are not deceiv'd,
 Which caus'd the fall,
 Of *Jacob Hall*,
 Or else he now had liv'd.





A N
EPITAPH
 O N

*My Servant, who kill'd him-
 self with Drinking.*

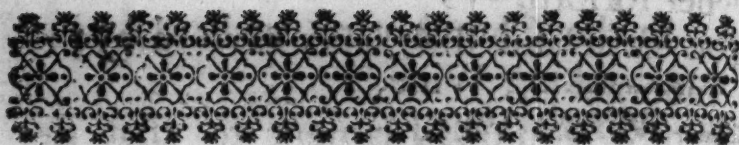


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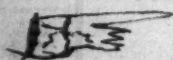
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 Which caus'd the fall,
 Of *Jacob Hall*,
 Or else he now had liv'd.





A N
ELEGY

On the Death of His
MISTRESS.



SHALL I not speak ; Eternally
be Dumb,
Thus silent always sit upon her
Tomb ?

Shall I from speaking, thus my self re-
frain,
So long, till I've forgot to speak a-
gain ;
And so have not the freedom to
complain ?

No

No, wretched Tongue of mine, Mem-
ber forlorn,
You have laid still, and have forgot to
mourn;

But now you shall lament to that de-
gree,
Should tire an Eccho quick to Answer
thee.

My Eyes have now exhausted all their
store,
I've wept so long, that I can weep no
more.

But yet, alas, my Passion is the same :
Can't there be Fire, altho' there is no
Flame ?

My tender Heart hath flutter'd in my
Breast,
Like Birds, but just encag'd, which take
no rest.

My Hands, and Feet, have not been I-
dle found ;

One tore my Hair, the other spurn'd
the Ground.

My Teeth, and Appetite, tho' nam'd the
last,

Their Sorrow too have shown in keep-
ing Fast.

Each Part alone hath suffer'd for the loss
Of Her, the Gods did to themselves in-
grofs.

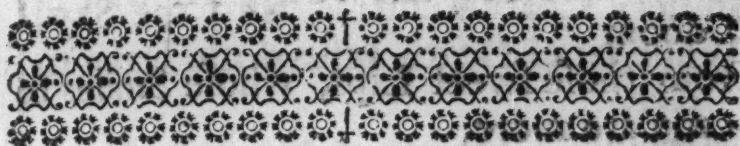
They

They had her sure, I saw her mount
 on high,
 In fiery Chariot cutting thro' the Sky;
 While cruel Death refus'd me leave to
 dye.

Methinks I see her in the high Abodes,
 Sitting in State, and looking on the Gods.
 The Goddesses on Her, with Wonder
 struck,

And silent Extacy, with Envy look.
 While all the Beauties on the Heav'nly
 Throne,
 Unite in Her bright Form, and Hers
 Alone.





A Complimentary
LETTER
To his MISTRESS.

WHEN ever Woman in this World
 was true,
 My Dearest Creature, I be-
 lieve 'tis you.
 Let Monarchs have their Princesses of
 State,
 Thou art the Object who prescrib'st my
 Fate.
 Not Crowns shall charm me from my
 Love to stay,
 Thou art the only Goddess I'll obey.
 Df

Disdaining all their Poms, to thee I'll
come:

Rather than Scepters sway, I'll wait my
doom

From those sweet Lips, whose Smiles to
me are more,

Than all the Wealth upon the *Indian*
Shore:

That is a Drug, it may be found with
ease,

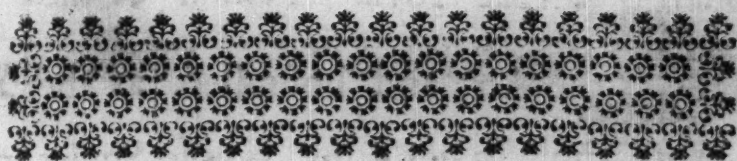
The Natives search, and find it when
they please.

But such a Charming Fair one can't be
found

By Time, or Age, in Nature's spacious
Round.



The



The Discovery :
IN A
LETTER

To His MISTRESS.

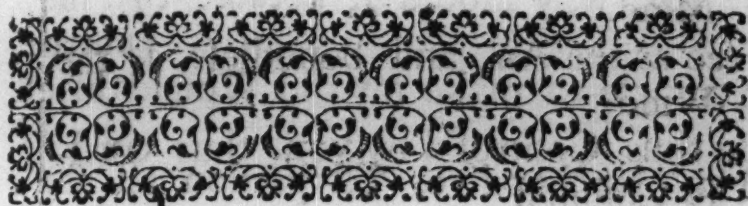


LOVE, like a Fire within a
Furnace pent,
I smother'd first, and kept it
long from vent ;
Till fed with Looks, and blown with
Sighs so fast,
I broke a Passage thro' my Lips at last.

C

Shall

Shall then that roving Passion of the
 Mind,
 Free as the Air, and boundless as the
 Wind,
 Be thus Control'd by you, thus cruel-
 ly Confin'd?
 Still will I Love, but must I Love in
 vain,
 And never meet some kind Return a-
 gain?
 Cannot a tender Lover's Fires move,
 In that Cold Frozen Heart one Spark
 of Love.
 Yet as the Sun, when gleaming on the
 Snow,
 Melts down the wat'ry Fleece, and makes
 it flow
 If my fierce flames no Heat can kindle
 there,
 Permit 'em, Madam, to demand a
 Tear.
 And Pity may, at last, successful prove,
 For Pity often softens into Love.

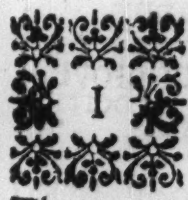


O N A

Lady that Filted Him :

O R, T H E

Disappointment.


 F there be Flames in Hell for
 Punishment,
 I For such as Sin, and never
 dare Repent :

Then may that false Deluder ever be,
 Doom'd, without Bail, to that sad Destiny.
 Sad did I say, no, she deserves much more
 Than Hell can furnish out with all its
 (Store.

Yet, why should I, because that she's
 (untrue,
 Struggle to make my old Wounds bleed
 (anew?
 No, let her live, I'll pardon all she's
 (done,
 And since it must be so, I'll Love alone.

What, is she gone? Go fetch her back
 (again;
 Tormenting her, do's but encrease my
 (Pain.
 I'll please my self, by looking on the
 (Maid,
 Who, by her Falshood, has my Heart
 (betray'd.

Tho' she is Damn'd above, she's
 (not by me;
 I will not be accused of Tyranny,
 But grant the Perjur'd Maid her Li-
 (berty.)

'Twas her fair Face, and Body that I
 (lov'd,
 Ah! how Destructive has the Passion
 (prov'd!

Falſe

False to her Beauty, faller unto him
Who thought, that loving her, could be
(no Crime.

Now, to my Cost I find, it is too late,
Too late to mourn my wretched hap-
(less Fate.

She took her flight, and now with all
(her Charms,
She revels in a Crippl'd Monster's Arms.

Tell me, my Lovely Fair, what
(Charms could move
Your Heart, or raise a too too Gen'rous
(Love?

What Beauties in the huddl'd *Æsop* spy,
So fatally your Constancy to try?

Nature it self, in Anger, frowns to see,
So great a Beauty crown Deformity.

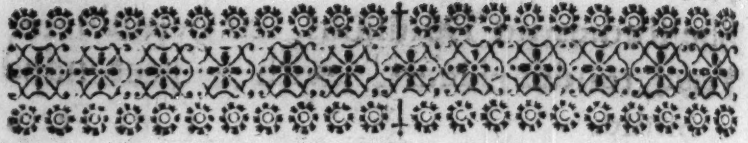
Therefore return, my dear relenting
(Maid,

Nor let that shapeless Lump your
(Charms invade.

Methinks I tremble, and my Breath
(is gone :

Your Presence 'into Raptures' has me
(thrown.

Oh let me hug you, there for ever dwell,
To shew my Flames that Monsters do
(excel.



LETTER

*To a Friend; Approving
His Choice.*



Y Dearest Friend, methinks I
do approve
Of that chaste Pastime you
receive in Love.
Your Lady's Beautiful in
modest Charms,
Which will endear her to a Lover's
Arms.

She's

She's Virtue all; all Comeliness, and
Grace;

Not like a *Janus* with a double Face.

She studies no Delusions, to beguile
Your tender Heart, with a pretended
Smile.

Good Humour, Softness, Decency, and
Ease

Appear in ev'ry Thing she does, or says.
No Sycphantick Tears flow from her
Eyes,

Like Crocodiles, her Falshood to disguise,

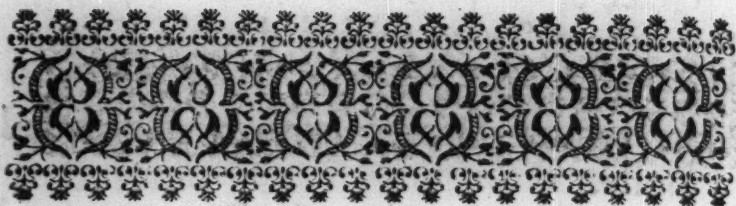
Would Fortune thus be pleas'd to
Crown my Brow,

With all those Favours she bestows on you:

Oh! with what Exstacies we'd Bless our
Fate,

Nor envy Monarchs all their Pomp of
State.

In perfect Harmony we'd live and dye,
And only pray the God's they'd add E-
ternity.



The Complaint.



LOST, I complain, is all my
 Hearts delight,
 And nought but lingring
 Life remains,
 Lost, is the Charming Object
 from my Sight,
 The sad promoter of my Pains.
 Loss is the Subject : Oh ! unhappy Fate,
 That took my Mistress from my Arms,
 All, all is lost, because she doth me hate,
 While I the more Indulge her Charms.



A N
 EPITAPH
 O N
 A RELATION.



weep the loss of Her, who's
 Vertues such,
 All's vain that's said, for none
 can praise too much.
 Nothing is Woman's due, but she can
 claim
 Even *She* who's Merits are Her Coun-
 try's Fame.

Bacon's

Bacon's were always great, and so will
be,

As long as Time records her Memory,
Chain'd with such Blessings to the Fa-
mily.

Oh! She is gone, and dwells with Pow-
ers above,
Nature's Perfection, and the Angels
Love.





A

S A Y T R

O N H I S

MISTRESS, *who Married a Deform'd Person.*

Sooner shall Wolves with harmless
 S Lambs combine,
 Than Beauty with preposterous
 Crocus join.

To make herself a Slave to that dull
 Tool,
 Deform'd in Person, Sottish and a Fool;
 With Coblers Legs, Impostumated Eyes,
 Besides all other Disabilities.

Who

Who could have thought such Weakness
in you dwelt?

To let those heaving Amorous Breasts
be felt,

And dandl'd with his Scabby Fists,
who's Eyes

And Back, compleat him Monster in Dis-
guise;

If this be He, that you think fit to
Wed,

If this Dark Monster must enjoy your
Bed,

May Hell, Damnation, all it's Fiends
pursue

Your Person, if this Scandal can be true,
And light upon your Paramour, and
you.

So in His loath'd Embraces may you
lye,

And ever wishing, always hope to dye,
And never know an End of all your
Mifery.



An EPIGRAM.



Non-Con Parlon preaching in a
Pulpit,
As Play'rs to their Audience
in a full Pit,
Espy'd a Man, with Snuff-Box in his
Hand,
Offer a Pinch to one that was his Friend.
At which the Canting Toper b'ing of-
fended,
Before the Sentence in his Mouth was
ended,
He bawl'd; Pray Gentlemen, consider
where,
Not in an Ale-house, but God's House
you are.
To whom the Gentlemen replyed, no,
Parsons to the Ale-house, we to Ta-
verns go.

T H E



THE
POETS
Condition.



GOOD Cloaths I have on,
but seldom I mean,
With Money sometimes,
but seldom 'tis seen.
Sometimes I am rich, as a Knight or a
Lord,
And sometimes my Pockets no Money
afford.
I have Breeches 'tis true,
That were formerly new,

And

And so were the Shoes of my Feet
 But it's now come about
 That my Shirt it hangs out
 And shews all as I walk in the Street.
 In the next place my Hat,
 I tell you but that,
 Without any Romance, or Lyes,
 The Loops they were broke,
 By unfortunate stroke,
 Which makes it hang over my Eyes,
 Then a Periwig I have
 As I'm sober, and grave,
 'Tis so grievously out of repair,
 Tho' once it did curl,
 Like the Forehead of Purl,
 You'd now take it for my own Hair.
 There's more things I want,
 Of which I am scant,
 And daily do run in my mind,
 But I fear I shan't have
 Those Materials I crave,
 Till such time, as the *Devil is Blind.*



A

LETTER of Thanks,

*To a Young Lady that
Slighted Him.*



S Sailors dropping wet, just
cast on Shore,
Having the danger of the
Waves past o're,

Return their Maker thanks for what is past,
(Or else, I think, they ought to do, at least)
Or as a Blind-man when restor'd to Sight,
Praiseth the *Coucher's* Hand that gave him
Light.

So, *Madam*, I my Gratitude would
show,

For Favours you did on your Slave be-
stow.

You

You did not only Life or Eye-sight
save,

But my poor Soul from worse than
Death reprieve.

One had been damn'd if ever I had you,
And Mind, and Body sent to *Bedlam* too.



The A D V I C E.



E happy Swains, whose Hearts
are free

From Love's Imperial Chain,
Take Warning, and be taught

by me,

T'avoid th' enchanting Pain.

Fatal the Wolves to Trembling Flocks,

Fierce Winds to Blossoms prove,

To Careless Seamen hidden Rocks,

To Human Quiet, Love.

Fly the Fair Sex, if Bliss you prize

The Snake's beneath the Flower,

Who ever gaz'd on beauteous Eyes,

That tasted Quiet more?

How faithless is the Lover's Joy!

How constant is his Care!

The Kind with Falshood do destroy,

The Cruel with Despair.

D

The

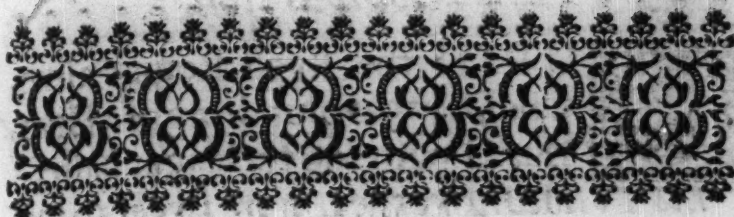


The Comparison.



UPID the flyest Rogue alive,
 One Day was plundering of a Hive.
 But as with too too eager haste,
 He strove the Liquid sweet to tast
 A Bee surpriz'd the heedless Boy,
 Prick't him, and dash't th' expected Joy.
 The Urchin when he felt the smart,
 Of th' envenom'd angry Dart,
 He kick't, he flung, he spurn'd the ground,
 He blow'd, and then he chaff'd the wound.
 He blow'd, and chaff'd the wound in vain,
 The Rubbing still encreas'd the Pain.
 Strait to his Mother's Lap he hies
 With swoln Cheeks, and blubber'd Eyes.
 Cries she, *what does my Cupid ail?*
 When thus, he told this mournful Tale.

A little Bird they call a Bee,
 With Yellow Wings, see, Mother, see! }
 How it has gor'd and wounded me. }
 And are not you, reply'd his Mother,
 For all the World, just such another,
 Just such another angry Thing,
 Like in Bulk, and like in Sting.
 For when you aim your pointed Dart
 At some poor unwary Heart,
 How little is the Archer found?
 And yet how wide, how deep the Wound.



A HEALTH.

WOMEN drink about my Jolly,
 (Jolly Boys!
CA Brimmer, let it pass about.
 Tho' it is not Wine, that has crost the
 (Seas,

It is old Humming *English* Stout.
 Tho' 'tis not Foreign Juice of Grape,
 Let no one think it any Fault;
 Let not the Glass from Mortal scape,
 For it is the Oyl of Malt.

Huzza my Lads let goe,
 For it is kind *Galatea's* Health
 That makes me drink it, not by Health,
 Nor value Friend, nor Foe.

Let fly my Lads again,
 Let each Man drink it o're I say,
 And we will then our Reck'ning
 And then for t'other Strain. (pay,

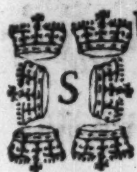


*Upon the dying Agonies of one of
his Fellow Prisoners in Newgate.*



Las ! what dismal Sight do I
behold,
Distorted Jaws, and Limbs so
Icy cold ;
Panting, as if each time he drew his Breath,
He just was Ent'ring in the Vale of Death.
Extended Hands, and Legs sometimes are
seen,
And then again Convulsions intervene.
See how he grates his Teeth ! his Breath
comes short,
Mark how his Eye-balls rowl ! Kind
Friends exhort
The dying Man, to think on's latter End,
And not too long upon his Strength de-
pend ;
Bid him consider that he is but Dust,
And to the Non-resisting Grave he must.
Next let him be reminded of his Sins,
As always, when too late, that Text begins.
But ah, alas this Counsel came too late,
He's gone, he's Dead, inexorable Fate !

A PROLOGUE.



Uch the Perverſeneſs is of theſe
ſad Times,
That the like Fate attends both
Love and Rhimes.

The Lover and the Poet's much the
ſame,
One Courts his Miſtreſs, as the other
Fame,
Who, of the two, oft proves the Coy-
eſt Dame,

You Ladies do their Love, and Learning
try,

And by an angry Word, or Look, they Dye.
Our Author owns this Privilege your
Due,

Nay, that a Nobler Right belongs to
you ;

That as you kill, ſo you can ſave 'em
too.

He told me, Ladies, nay I heard him
ſware,

That All he wrote was to Oblige the
Fair.

Be Kind and Courteous Then. — But
Gentlemen,

You are the next with whom I muſt be-
gin,

You love your Hounds and Horses that
Incline

Your hungry Appetites to relish Wine,
So when the Day has yeilded its Delight,
Drinking's the Blessing that supplies the
Night.

And thus the Fields and Taverns do im-
ploy

Those Hours your Wives, and we ought
to enjoy.

As for Insipid Beaux that hate the Sport,
Of drinking Bumpers, but repair to
Court,

Who to the fairer Sex will Lye and
Swear,

Madam, Be Gad, I Love beyond com-
pare.

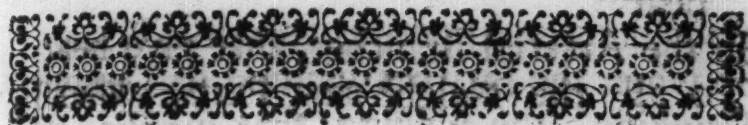
If ought that I have spoke be took a-
miss,

Pray Stigmatize the Poet with a Hiss.

If I can clear, and touch no Rocks, nor
Sands,

Let the Applause be clapping of your
Hands.

On



On Friendship.

Such Blessings has th' Indulgent
Care of Heav'n,
Such boundless Blessings to the
Friendless giv'n,

That whether Want, and sharp Necessity,
Or Persecution doth their Courage try;
Yet hath Celestial Bounty, to amend
Their Sufferings, supply'd them with a
Friend.

Now where's the Man, who in this Orb
would be
Willing to die, to make his Friend live
free,

Or be a Slave, to give him Liberty?
Here is the Man, by Heav'n's I am he,
Who'd drop upon my Sword immediatly;
I'd share his Fate, to him I'd constant
prove,

Who by his Friendship hath deserv'd my
Love.

I'd love him, as I do the Streams that
beat

In the Arterial Branches, that give heat
To all the Neighb'ring Parts, when
running round

The Microcosm, which Secret *Harvey*
found;

That Noble Thought the Great *Physi-*
cian Crown'd.

And if my Friend hath a desire to see
The circulating Blood, as well as He,
I'll tap my Veins, and let my Blood flow
out,

As Waters do when passing thro' the
Spout.

Nay, more than that, still to Improve
his Art,

I'll let him make Inspection 'to my
Heart,

Where he may see how nicely all things
are;

Nay, view my Soul, and see himself fix'd
There.

*On his Mistress's Perfection,
or the Choice.*

R (Beauty's Charms,
 Esolv'd, I've stood the brunt of
 (high Alarms,
 Own'd no Submission to its
 But lain at Ease, while others are in Arms.
 Ever disdain'd, and yet living free,
 Railing at curst Beauty's Tyranny,
 That makes Men forfeit all their Li- }
 (berty.
 R—b could Wit in Womankind with-
 (stand,
 Ev'n Wit, which Ladies always do com-
 (mand:
 Disdain these Vertues all, if separate;
 Yet still resolv'd I'd never change my Fate.
 If Wit and Beauty were together join'd,
 Charms that such Vassals make of Hu- }
 (man-kind,
 I ne'er without these three will change }
 (my Mind.
 S— may the Title claim of Beauty, Wit,
 T— with good Humour make the three
 (compleat.
 Dis-

*Disswading him from Passion:
On the Death of his Mistress.*



Patience in Grief a good Endow-
(ment is,
And amongst Vertues bears a
(noble Price,
But frantick Madnes ought not to be
(shown,
Especially to what the Gods have done,



*A Romantick Encomium
on his Mistress.*



Did you e'er see the Sun's re-
(splendent Beams,
Or have you view'd the God-
(dess of the Streams?
Choiceft of Beauties, *Venus* have you seen,
Or the bright Nymph *Diana* on the Green
To these add *Juno*, Chast *Penelope*,
Helen the Fair, that Celebrated She,
The *Grecian* Beauty, and *Troy's* De-
(stiny?
Brin^g

Bring the whole Sex that e'er this Orb
(could boast,

E'er since the time the *Hellepont* was crost,
And let me be permitted but to show,
Unto your Godheads one I have below.
Even you your selves my Fancy will

(approve,
Resign your own, to take the Maid I love
So make me Rival to you Gods above.

O, the delightful Prospect 'tis to see
Her who has Sov'reigns cost their Liberty.
Even I my self would forfeit all I have,
And pawn my Body too to be her Slave:
Her Charms have Power to inflave the

(Gods,
Nay to disturb, and make 'em all at odds
And quit their lofty Thrones, and high
(Abodes:

Give me, ye Powers, permission but to see
The blazing Features of the beauteous
(She;

Only one Look sufficient is for me.
Oh! had I more, nay that's enough to
(charm;

Rouse all my Blood, my Spirits to alarm,
Heav'n to defy, and dare the Gods to arm

*The Change. Upon Marrying a
Beautiful Woman without a
Fortune.*




 S Countrymen, who ne'er the
 (Sea had seen,

 A 
 And at first coming find it all
 (serene;



 Calm, undisturb'd the Waters lie at rest,
 Nor fancy how the Winds the Waves mo-
 (left

So Madam ;

Time was when I thought little of what
 (now
 Hath fallen out between my self and you,
 When first within those lovely Arms I lay,
 And wisht those Raptures never would
 (decay;
 How unconcern'd we were, without a
 (Thought
 Of those Misfortunes to our selves we
 (brought.
 For raging Winds, and Calmness don't a-
 (gree,
 But diff'rent are as Wealth and Poverty.
 Thus each Extream to equal Danger tends
 Plenty, as well as Want, can seprate
 (Friends.
 Upon



*Upon an Invitation to a Drinking-Frolick : Or,
Virtue in an Empty Pocket.*

Wonder, Sirs, what 'tis you
(mean,
That I can never be serene ;
But constantly ye all combine }
And who but I, must with you joyn, }
Profusely thus to tippie Wine ? }
Indeed, my Friends, I'd have you know
(it,

Altho' a Pris'ner, I'm a Poet.
The jovial Son of God *Apollo*,
And if I drink the Rhimes will follow :
Therefore pray do not discommend
This one Denial of your Friend ;
For know, that I can Drink and Rant, }
And Sing and Roar like any Saint, }
There's nought but *Rino* that I want. }
I

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And Sing and Roar like any Saint, }
There's nought but *Rino* that I want. }
I

I like your selves would Rake and Roam;
 But Cash abroad keeps me at home.
 As when the Master condescends
 To let his Prentice see his Friends ;
 Himself, till Boy returns, doth keep
 The Shop, and cannot out-doors creep;
 So I, when Mony, Sirs, falls short,
 Amongst my Friends I can't resort ;
 But when return'd to me again,
 My turn it is the next to Reign.





Upon the Absence of his
MISTRESS.

O H! could I find some melan-
(choly Grove,
Some lonely Shade, to mourn
(my absent Love;
Where Nature's self looks with a piteous
(Eye,

As deeply sad, as much concern'd as I:
There in soft Numbers, and in wailing
(Verse,

Would I in distant Brightnesses rehearse,
Who is my Joy, my Life, my Soul, and all
That mortal Creatures Happiness can call
My Thoughts on her eternally are bent;
On her, for whose sad Absence I lament:
And roving unknown Places to abate
The sad Disorders of my helpless Fate,
Can no more rest, than Bird without
(his Mate.

Once I could talk of pretty Tales of Love,
And from one Subject to another rove,
But now of nothing, but the absent
(* Grove.

* *The Lady's Name.*

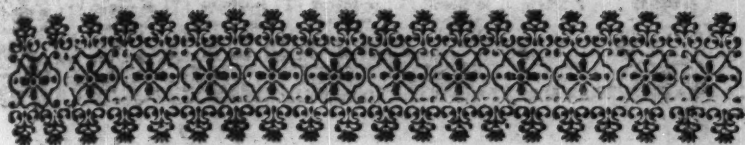
A



A S O N G.

KIND Love is my Pleasure, my
 (Joy, and my Pride,
 Methinks in her Bosom I could
 (always abide.
 O fair *Galatea*! the Life of my Heart,
 To whom my kind Thoughts I always
 (impart.
 She's the Joy of my Heart, and my Soul's
 (whole Delight,
 No Star in the Firmament glitters so
 (bright;
 She shines like the Sun, puts the Moon
 (in th' Eclipse;
 Ev'n Kings would give Crowns for a Kiss
 (of her Lips.
 But no, they can't have it, she all doth
 [deny,
 With a modest Disdain she to them
 [doth reply,
 I'll part with none of 'em to you, No,
 [not I.

In



The Miser's Departure.

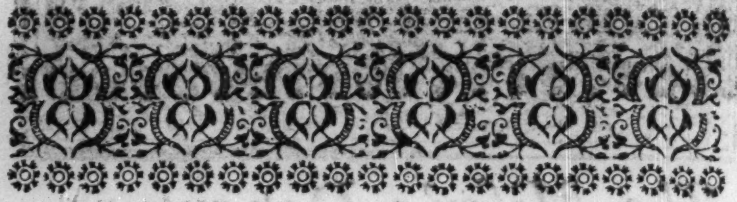
A S O N G.



O O D lack a day! I'm growing
old,
The Blood in my Veins begins
to run cold,
Methinks it's high time to prepare ;
My Money do's rust,
And I am but Dust,
Therefore 'tis unjust
To detain one Soufe from my Heir.
I will give him the Keys
Of the Place where it lays,
Before my Decease,
And I wish he may live to enjoy it :
I am sure if he won't,
There's no one else don't
Know better how to employ it.

E

A N



A N A
E P I T A P H

On a Rigid P A R E N T.



ERE lyeth Inhum'd
Under this Stone,
A Man whose Children
May be glad that he's gone.
If to Heaven or Hell,
They need not much heed,
Since from Hell upon Earth,
By his Death, they are freed.

L E T.



LETTERS

TO THE

Fair GALATEA.

Madam,



Presume these Lines will
be very surprizing to you :
To find your self accosted
with a passionate Declara-
tion from one, ——— who
scarce seems to be in a state
of Life ; yet such is my Fate, that not-
withstanding I am loaded with Chains, in
the very Condition you saw and pitied
me, (which Compassion, by an unaccount-
able Fatality, has made my former Fetters
much more insupportable,) I am forced

ced to acquaint you, that my Affection's too big to be concealed : Therefore Madam, I humbly implore your Pardon, and beg you would excuse my Presumption, in discovering a Passion from a Person truly unhappy, who has a greater probability of being Wedded to a Halter, than your dearest Self.

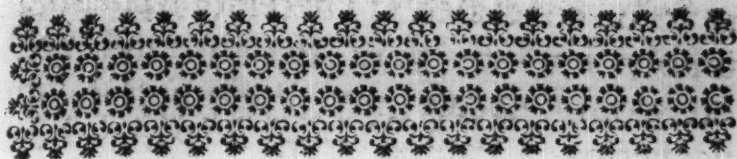
I am, Madam,

with the deepest Affection,

Tour unfortunate Admirer,

Amirett o,



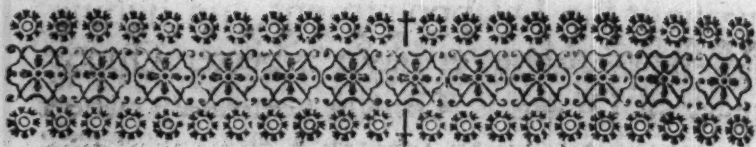


My Dearest Life,

I Am, this Minute, alarm'd with the fatal News, that to Morrow I shall be no more ; but must pay my last Debt to Nature, with some of my Fellow Prisoners. And yet, notwithstanding the near Approaches of Death, (that, methinks, I feel his Icy Hand upon my Youthful Shoulders,) I cannot forbear stealing a Thought on you ; and do by these assure you, that I shall, at the last Minute, offer up a Prayer for your Felicity ; and humbly intreat, in return, you will do the same kind Christian Office for me, and not forget how inviolably I am,

Your most constant and sincere

Dying, yet still Obedient, &c.



Dearest Madam,

THE Report of my Suffering proves groundless ; yet will be inevitably fatal to two of my unfortunate Companions. There were Nineteen of us labour'd under the same melancholy Apprehensions, and every one thought he should be the Man ; so that each Person retired by himself, and prepared for the last Hour ; and, like Men in a Ship-wreck, every one took care for his own Preservation. Nothing but Supplications and Pray'rs, pious Ejaculations, unfeigned Intercessions for Mercy from our great Creator, could be heard till after one a-Clock in the Morning ; when the Dead-Warrant came for Mr. Paul a Clergyman, and Mr. Hall of Otterburne, formerly a Justice of the Peace ; I cannot forbear relating to you, the different Impressions the fear of Death and Eternity, as well as the Reprieve had on each desponding Person. One Gentleman had so fixed his Mind upon, and so well prepared himself for his Departure, that when
he

he heard of his Reprieve, he seemed to be uneasy at the Disappointment, and sighing, said, he could never have a better Opportunity of Dying. On the contrary, others were so elated with Joy, that they couldn't, in some time, recover their former Deportment, but had an alternate succession of Sorrow and Delectation. But one Old *Dundee* Soldier, who was very busie on the Common-prayer-Book, as soon as he found he had escaped the Danger, laid aside the Book, takes up a Pack of Cards, and with a grave and unconcerned Look, as if nothing had happened, says, come, Major (to his Chum) let's have a Game at Ombre for a Bottle. For my part, I retained very dismal Sentiments within my self; being not only unwilling to be cut off in the prime of my Youth from the World, but also from,

Madam,

Your

Dear Self, &c.

E 4

Dearest



Dearest Life,

Yesterday my Mother made me a Visit, and has been informed by some of my Comrades, that I am Melancholy, and in an ill State of Health, which made her very uneasy and inquisitive after the Occasion, resolving, at the same time, to send me a Physician. To prevent this, I made a generous Confession, and told her, you, and only you must be my Doctor. She, with Maternal Indulgence, promised me assistance in my Cure, as far as her Estate would go ; and designs to take an Opportunity from my Indisposition, to get me into the Messenger's Custody. If this Favour can be obtained, I hope to have the happiness of seeing you, and demonstrating how far I am, with the sincerest Attachment,

Madam,

Your most Devoted, &c.

Dear



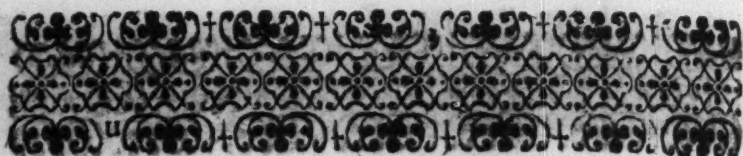
Dear Madam,

BY the proper Application of a little Gold, I have shaked off my Iron Chains. If I could be so happy to have the like Courtesy from you; could the Pains of my invisible Fetters be softened, by receiving some Marks of Lenity and Condescension, my Confinement would become less troublesome, and nothing a greater pleasure to me, than giving constant and repeated Assurances, of the unalterable Affection I bear you, and that I am inviolably,

Madam,

*Your most obsequious
and devoted humble Servant.*

Madam,



Madam,

HAVING some Hopes of Mercy from a Prince, to whom my Life and Fortune is become forfeit; I cannot neglect this Opportunity of making you a Tender of a Heart that has so narrowly escaped the Flames of the Executioner; but still suffers under the scorching Pains of a much different Nature, an ardent Passion for your charming Self. But alas! when I consider the loss of my Estate, that necessary Ingredient to sweeten the Comforts of human Life, without which, an Amorous Application meets with a cold Reception; my Wishes are all frustrated, and the Rays of your Clemency, which at a distance seem'd to shine on me, are converted to an augmentation of my Misfortunes, and bring to my Mind these following Lines I have somewhere read, I think 'tis in the Ingenious Mr. Cowley, viz.

“ A

*" A mighty Pain to Love it is,
 " A greater Pain that Pain to miss,
 " But of all Pains, the greatest Pain
 " It is to Love, but Love in vain.*

This, Madam, I fear, is the unhappy
 Case of,

Tours, &c.



Dear-



Dearest Madam,

LET me beg your Patience, whilst I give you an Instance or two, how I spend the major part of my Time. When my Bed-fellow is gone down to take a Turn in the Press-yard, or divert himself at Cards, with any of his Neighbouring Prisoners, I instantly betake my self to my old Companion, the Bed, and immediately the charming Idea of your Lovely self is represented to my Imagination. Sometimes we take a Walk together in the Park, from thence to the Play. Another time to *Kensington* Gardens, in whose pleasant Walks I breath a thousand Passionate Expressions. Sometimes I am a Hero Conquering Kingdoms, and Restoring Injured Princes to their Rights ; they in Return, heap vast Honours, Wealth, and Titles on me, and all are laid at the Feet of my lovely fair Enchantress. Sometimes my deluded Fancy turns the Tables upon me in your Favour, and tells me that your generous Soul is above Wealth, and the
loss

loss of my Estate is a Trifle; that true Love surmounts all Indigencies; that your Fortune, with prudent Management, is sufficient to make us happy, and supply us with the common Necessaries of Life; and that all Superfluity is only troublesome. These, Madam, are the delightful Amusements of Sun-shine and clear Weather; But on the Dark and Lonesome Days of Fogs and Rain, I am Huff'd and Slighted for my Presumptuous Insolence, in molesting you with my impertinent Letters; am re-minded of my near Affinity to the Gallows; that *Jack Ketch* must be my Executor and Administrator, that *Paul Lorrain* refuses to give me Absolution, unless I make him Heir to my New Suit of Black in which I received Sentence; and the Hang-man Swears and Threatens how indecently he will Butcher me in the Dissection, besides making me hang an Hour naked in the sight of the gazing Multitude, before he'll cut me down, if I pretend to give the Ghostly Father his Fees.

This is the hopeful Lay I stand between the 'Squire and the Parson. Sometimes the Sun unexpectedly breaks out upon me, and I do my self the pleasure to believe
you

you are come to make me a Visit, and tell me, you are sorry at my deplorable Misfortunes; with it was in your Power to redress them; that if I could but obtain a Pardon for Life only, you desired no more; advise me to make Interest to the two *Turks*, or some other great Person at Court. But upon the unlucky interposition of the least Cloud, my Fancy discovers you receiving the Addresses of some Powerful Rival, whom you Smilingly permit to kiss your Hand; then all the Tortures of a *Spanish* Inquisition are but a Flea-bite to what I undergo; and leaping off the Bed, to Sacrifice my Rival to my just Resentment, I beat all the Skin off my Shins with my Shackles; by which Means I am brought to my Senles, and made to know I am not behind *Montague-House*.

I begin now to think, it is time to make Interest for a *Habeas Corpus*, to remove me to *Bedlam*. And accordingly, as any of these different Sentiments has accosted me, they have produced the foregoing diversity of Subjects I have Poetized upon.

Thus

Thus, Madam, innumerable Reflections of this kind employ the greatest Part of my Confinement; while my fellow-Sufferers are at a loss to know my Distemper; and I think it not convenient to acquaint them, that none but your dear Self can give Relief to your Afflicted, and almost Heart-broken Slave.

I am firmly perswaded, Madam, that a just Survey of my Sufferings, will excite in you the most generous Compassion for,

Your most Obsequious

and Devoted

Humble Servant, &c.



[68]

Thus, Madam, I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst.

and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

I am, Madam, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,

J. M. Smith

Secretary of the Board of Directors

of the City of New York

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THE
Execution Dream :

OR, THE
Unlucky DISAPPOINTMENT.

MADAM,



AVING been more than
usually perplexed with
Dreams last Night, (not-
withstanding I went Sup-
perless to Bed) and those
Nocturnal Delusions hav-
ing somewhat Peculiar in them, relate-
ing to your self, have made such a
F strong

strong Impression in my Memory, that I cannot omit giving you the trouble of a Relation.

I Dream't I was lying on the Bed, in the Afternoon, according to custom, running over in my Mind the Perfections of your Dear Self, and pleasing my Fancy with the Notions of those Felicities, I am never like to enjoy; when I thought the Keeper rush'd hastily into my Room, without any Ceremony, and calling me by my Name, told me, Orders were come that I must prepare for Death; bidding me be speedy in my Preparations, for the Sledge and Sheriffs Officers were without ready to receive me. This sudden and unexpected News put me into such a Confusion, that I could not presently recover my former Senses. Methought, I was exceeding desirous, and strenuously importun'd my Keeper, to permit me time to write a few Lines to a Dear Friend, meaning your *Lovely Self*.

He told me roughly, that if I was not expeditious in dressing my self, I must be hang'd in my Night-Gown, for the Hour
was

was come, and the Sheriffs Officers would not wait. However, what with good Words, and a Note I gave him upon my Mother for a few Guineas, I prevail'd on him to let me write a Letter, in which I inclos'd my Ring, and desir'd a Friend to convey it to you. Then I put on clean Linnen, and dress'd my self in a Suit of Black, that was made up against my Tryal. My Chamber, by this time, being full of sorrowful Spectators, who knew not how soon they might be call'd to undergo the same Fate. I went behind the Bed, and offer'd up my fervent Prayers for a Remission of my Sins ; and Notice being given me to prepare, methought I came down Stairs into the Press-yard, with a serene and undisturbed Countenance, where a Crowd of my Fellow-Prisoners made a Lane for me ; and as I past by them gave me their mournful and last Embraces, offering up their Petitions for my Salvation. When I was brought into the Street, innumerable Spectators were gathered together to satisfy their Curiosity ; the major part of them seem'd to commiserate and bewail my approaching Sufferings ; the Women pitying

tying my Youth, and the Men my deplorable Circumstances in general. I thought, as I was drag'd up *Holbourn*, a tall lean, long visag'd, swarthy, full-ey'd Fellow, with a short tye Wigg, that did not cover his Ears, would often thrust his *fanatical* Countenance between the Constables Shoulders, as they walkt on the side of the Sledge, and with a malicious Sneer whisper'd to me, *Traitor, Traitor; Rebel, Rebel*. This was the Game he was at, every time there was a stop. At last, one of the Midnight Commanders, who I believe was no well-wisher to the *Calves-head Tribe*, gave this Son of *King-killing Principles* such a push of the Guts with the End of his Staff of Authority, that one would have thought, if he had not been a Case-hardn'd *Antimonarchical Sinner*, it would have beat all the *Schismatical* Wind out of his Body. But, on the contrary, as soon as his *sedition* Bellows had drawn in a little *factious* Wind, he accosts my Champion with, "Go ye Jacobite Rascal, you're one of his Gang, I shall see you in his place in a short time. By this the industrious Rabble smelt out my *Oliverian* Chap-

Chapman, and crying out a *Pick-pocket*, a *Pick-pocket*, hurried him away to the next Horse-pond ; which caused such a desertion of my Followers, that we proceeded with much less trouble, and interruption.

At length (I thought) we arrived at the fatal Tree, where I was removed from the Sledge I came in, and was conducted to a Cart : Having mounted it, and looking round me, I was surprized at the vast multitude of Spectators. A *Scotch Highlander*, that was never out of his own Country, would have thought all the People in the World were come to see him make his Exit. I Dreamt, that near to the Gallows, many Hackney Coaches were drawn up, whose insides were empty, but the top, and Coach-box was loaded with Swearing, Blust'ring, Blaspheming, Cockaded Sparks, whose Swords were ready drawn, and often gave a flash, and a volley of Oaths to any soft-hearted Christian that pity'd my Misfortune. Methought, altho' my Dissolution was so near, I could not forbear observing, how Ungenerous, Dishonourable, and

Unchristian a Practice it was, for Men of Figure, Officers of Note, (for such, by their Garb, they seem'd to be) not only so to misuse the pitying tender-hearted Spectators, who in Compassion to my Youth and Suffering, let drop a Tear, or breath'd a sorrowful Expressi-on; but to cast malicious Smiles and Flouts on me, as if they Gloried in my Death.

I thought, sure these can't be the *British* Sons of *Mars*; in Foreign Countries so renown'd for Arms, and valu'd for their great and unparallell'd Humanity. These can't be of the Race of *OLD England's* antient Stock; that after they have o'recome their Foe, alleviate his Misfortunes with all the kindest and endearing Acts of Friendship.

No; these must be the Off-spring of a Mungril-breed, Begot in *Forty-One*; the Sons of *Weavers*, *Shoemakers*, and *Taylors*, whose Parents ill-got Wealth, and *Puritanical* Professions of Allegiance have bought them Places near the Crown, the better, when time shall serve, to lop the Head that wears it.

These

These are Puny, Scandalous, No-Principle Professors, that have the same Notion of a God, that they have of their King, and would, (if it was in their Power) Annihilate him, upon the least distaste given to their Capricious Humour. I say, such surely these must be ; for no other Men would thus insult their expiring Fellow-Creature.

Whilst I was involv'd in these thoughts, the Spiritual Physician ascended the Cart, in Order to Administer the last part of his Ministerial Function ; who after joining in some Prayers, singing a penitential Psalm, and giving me some pious Exhortations left me to my private Devotions, which I dreamt were very fervent, and sincere. The Axe and Knives lay ready to separate my Quarters, the Fire was pil'd to burn my Entrails, Heart, &c. and the Cart just drawing from under me, when a tumultuous and undistinguished Noise throughout the Crowd was heard, which stopt their further Proceedings. Putting up my Cap, that was pull'd over my Eyes, methoughts I saw you, my

F 4

Charming

Charming Fair, more Dear to me than
 Life, at a distance, labouring thro' the
 Multitude with a Paper in your Hand,
 Crying, a *Pardon*, a *Pardon*, which was
 instantly resounded by thousands of Peo-
 ple ; upon this the Cockade Gentlemen
 (I dreamt) sneakt off, biting their
 Nails, and cursing the Disappointment ;
 whilst the assiduous Crowd us'd their
 utmost Skill and Endeavours, to clear
 you a Passage to the Under-Sheriff ; who
 receiving the Paper, methought, with-
 out attending what he should say, you
 was lifted into the Cart ; where, with a
 modest and discomposed Look, you
 Congratulated me on my *Pardon*. At
 the same time the Sheriff seconded you,
 telling me, His Majesty had been Gra-
 ciously pleas'd to Grant it, provided the
 young Lady would undertake to bring
 and deliver it her self ; which was per-
 form'd, and I was at Liberty. This
 occasion'd a universal Joy and Shout-
 ing all over the Place, which rang with
 nothing but loud Acclamations of, *Long*
Live the King ; every Person Extolling
 His Great Clemency and Mercy : Nay,
Jack Ketch himself Congratulated me
 upon it, and told me he heartily re-
 joyc'd

joyc'd at my narrow Escape; but by the scratching his Head, and some other shrewd Tokens of Discontent, he gave me great Reason to question his Veracity, and to suspect, he thought himself bilkt of a Suit of Cloaths, and other Appurtenances; but after I had assur'd him, I would make him a double amends for the Loss he sustain'd on account of my Habiliments, I must do the Squire that Justice, to believe, that he was glad in good Earnest.

After this, I thought we went into a Coach, and were conducted thro' the Streets with the Exultations of innumerable Spectators; while I lost no Time in paying you all, all the Marks of Esteem and Gratitude expressible, for such an unprecedented piece of Goodness, and Generosity: But was interrupted by the Coach's stopping at a Noble Structure, when you conducted me to the Inside, which was embellisht with fine Paintings, and all other rich Conveniences, and Curiosities, which you, with Eyes cast down, and a modest Blush, told me, I might command: This additional Favour prompted me to supplicate you, with

with all the endearing Terms imaginable, to crown my Felicity with your charming self; which, I at last dreamt, you was pleas'd to consent to: Nay, Madam, to enhance my Joys, methoughts, the Priest was performing the Sacred Rites, tying the *Gordian Knot*, which none but Death could separate.

Oh Surprizing Dream! Charming Delusion! never to be Eras'd from my Memory! How transported was I, to be brought from the Brink of Eternity, and the most shameful and ignominious Death, to the appearance of the greatest Beatitude this Terrestrial World could afford me? When, on a sudden, I was awaken'd by a thundring and beating at my Door; nor could I persuade my self it was true, 'till my Bed-fellow, and the repeated Noise, confirm'd it: Immediately I began to fear the first Part of my Dream was come to pass; but, upon opening the Door, found there was nothing in't; only the Keeper was got drunk, with a File of Musqueteers to attend him; and said, my Companion had affronted him; and he did not know but that we had a mind to make our Escapes; so he double-iron'd

iron'd us, and put us into the Con-
demn'd Hold; where I can do nothing
else but meditate on the Night's Enter-
tainment; and ask Pardon for the Trou-
ble I may have given you, in this noctur-
nal Adventure.



DEAR



DEAR MADAM,



Hese Lines may acquaint you, that, by the Application of Friends, I am got out of the Condemn'd Hold ; and I can much easier forget the Keeper's barbarous and unprovok'd Usage, than the latter Part of that delicious Dream. Had the sottish Rascal put off his Visit, while he drank the other Bottle ; by that time I might have seen the Frolick out ; (for I remember the Parson had just done his Business) I would have compounded with the guzzling Brute, to have lain a Month in Irons double chain'd, and been oblig'd to keep him drunk all the time at my own Expence, into the Bargain : But to be frighted, and brought so near hanging, that nothing but the Cart's Tail parted us ; and afterwards
with-

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within Amb's Ace of the Fruition of your
Dear and Charming Person — This,
Madam, was insupportable, and can ne-
ver be forgot by,

MADAM, &c.



DEAREST



DEAREST MADAM,



AM in dayly Expectation of being Partaker of the Benefit of an Act of Grace; and begin to think *Paul Lorain's* Visits too long, and troublesome: And what further adds to the good News; my Mother, who has a competent Estate, has assur'd me of the Benefit of it; which, with frugal Management, is sufficient to make us tolerably easy. And as, my Dearest, you did not totally neglect my Addresses in the worst of Circumstances; I do my self the Pleasure to believe, this will not be unacceptable News to you, from

Your Constant Admirer, &c.

AMORETTO.

Pray

Pray take Notice of the following
Verses in Cowley.

- “ For these few Hours of Life allotted me;
 “ Give me, Great God, but Bread and
 Liberty:
 “ I’ll ask no more; if more thou’rt pleas’d
 to give,
 “ I’ll thankfully the Over-plus receive:
 “ If beyond this to me bee’nt freely sent;
 “ I’ll thank for that, and go away content.



FINIS.

1793

Part of the Notice of the following
Order in Council



of the British Museum
to the Trustees of the British Museum
for the purpose of the purchase of
the following books and MSS.
to be added to the collection of the
British Museum

FINIS